By Taylah Coates

Maggie Parker was quiet on this particlar autumn morning. The cool breezes and falling leaves were nearly the only sounds throughout the park. The swingsets were empty, the seesaws had no kids playing on them, the sandbox without the shouts of young children. Even though it seemed as if the park was bare, if you listened closely you could hear a faint voice,” three, four,five...” It was a voice of a child, seemingly alone, whose head was against the trunk of a large willow tree.

She continued to count on,”Eight,nine...”And then she paused, as if trying to listen for a sound,” TEN, “The girl jerked off of the tree and spun around and opened her eyes,”Ready or not here i come!”She ran throughout the park searching behind each bush, checking behind each tree and crawling through all the tunnels inside the park. After what seemed hours of searching she paused and sat down, thinking of where else to look. She closed her eyes, hoping that it would help her concentrate, and continued to think about where she hadn’t searched.

Then she grinned suddenly, hopped off the grass, and ran over to a wooden fence, the girl followed the fence and found a gate; she opened it and ran through. This was the part of the park that parents did not let their children play in. Little did the child it was a working sight at the time. But all she saw was a larger playground. She realized that the other boy must’ve gone home because he got bored. That was the only reason see could not find him, because she had looked everywhere, hadn’t she? The girl sat down once more and closed her eyes in tiredness. She sat there for a few minutes and then began to doze off.

A whispered voice came beside her ear.”I’m the seeker now.”The girl stepped up off the ground, surpised by the voice. She turned around in a desperate attempt to see whose rough voice it was that had talked to her. As she turned she saw nothing, only an empty playground, and the fence, She did however realize one thing, the gate was closed and she left it open.

The girl’s eyes were starting to burn with tears of confusion. She ran to the fence, and as she did she heard an anonymous voice call out, “One, two... you better hide...

The girl ran as fast as she could pass the sandbox, “three, four...five I can still see you...”passing the seesaw, “six, seven...run, run, run...”Past the swing set, eight, nine.” Then the voice stopped. The girl collapsed with a sigh of relief, and she then began to breathe more steadily. She started to cry again. Crying because the voice had stopped and she was now safe. “...ten,” with that the girl gave a scream but it was coverd by a strangers gloved hands.